Fortunes Tennis-ball:

5

against Laud

A warning to all that are Nurſers of Pride,
For Juſtice is knowne to be Eagle-ey'd;
Thoſe that will climb muſt look to have a fall,
For Fortune will pat down her Tennis-ball.
Let no man frown, for ile have all know it,
This wicked age muſt have a biting Poet.

O R,

A *Proviſo* for all thoſe that are elevated, to take heed of falling, for Fortune ſpights more the mightie then the poore: According to the Poet:

Qui cadit in terram non habet unde cadit.

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On the Frontiſpiece.

SEe for the Frontiſpiece here a Cedar tree,
Whereon ſits Fortune in her Majeſtie.
Thoſe that preſume t'aſpire unto its top,
She ſtilie gives the higheſt branch a lop.
And topſie turvie they come tumbling down,
As dazled with the brightneſſe of her crown.
You that look on the root, pray look no higher
Then its true Motto, Ceaſe too high t'aſpire.

Pride will have a fall.

The downfall of Pride, and aſpiring wits,
Painted at full in their ague fits.

PRide that aſpiring girle, whoſe ſoaring minde
Flyes ſwifter then the ayre or Eaſterne wind,
Hath got a downfall, when ſhe thought to fly,
Time held her treſſes, pulld her back, her eye
Which ſtill was fixt upon the higheſt ſpheere,
Is, taught now to look lower, and her eare
Set to a lower key, her loftie front
Muſt be new Chriſtned in afflictions font.
Our Noblemen, me thinks, I now eſpie
Like ſplendent ſtars fixt on our azure skie:
Where each man ſtudies to out-ſhine the reſt,
And he moſt proud that can be counted beſt.
Yet know ye ſtars, who beſpangle our skie,
Know that the Sun is ſtill the worlds eye,
From him you ſhall receive your luſtre, and
Muſt pay't again when he ſhall it demand;
Our King, I mean, who is this Ilands eye
Of Government by true Epitomie:
The moon oftimes doth ſtrive t' eclipſe the ſun,
As overgiddie ſtars of late have done,
I read how *Phaeton* Don *Phebus* ſonne,
That he might know from what race he was ſprung,
Swelling with pride, deſir'd his father graunt

This one boone to him, who thus himself did vaunt,
That he might guid his fathers horses and,
Have his bright charret at his owne command;
Which thing was granted cauſ'd the world burne,
And threw the child to his untimely urne,
'Tis no expedient for a vulgar eye,
To ſtare upon ſuperiour Maieſtie,
Nor can you great ones, though you're crept ſo high,
Say you can rule the bright tranſlucent skie:
No god can thunder but the mightie *Iove*,
Yet all are gods as well as he above;
Therefore be wiſe, and ceaſe to high t' aſpire
Leaſt you do burne in Phaetontike fire,
Let Soll's bays alone, I mean the crowne,
Thoſe that ſoare high are apteſt to fall downe,
Have you not ſeen the lofty Cedar fall,
When ſhrubs faſt rooted ſtand within the vale,
'Tis not your riches, nor your pomp of ſtate,
Honours nor ſtrength, nor can powers mitricate
Secure you here on earth, fate will overthrow,
When blaſtering ſtormes of fortune 'gin to blow
Ceſar and *Pompey* in their golden prime.
Whoſe armes did thunder terror in their time
Wear quelld by fate, pride nought avail'd there then,
Their graves were digd on earth amongſt other men,
Ye kinglike eagles which on this Cedar top
Do perch, pray look how ſoon mans life doth ſtop,
'Tis as ſoone here and yet 'tis ſooner done,
Then the hot ſummers rain, or winters ſun.
Set faſt your footing leſt you catch a fall
We hope to riſe at honours trumpets call.
I've ſeen our Biſhops on the wings of hope
Flying with ſwiftneſſe to the reverend pope
Thinking to cloake all with their fallacies,

Which

Which had no credence from our watchfull eyes;
First Metrapollitan, could not a Miter
Suffice your little pate would you be whiter
Then Layne can make you, you strive to pull downe
Religion here to gain the Triple crown:
and how you bend and bowe to th' altar plac't
In an old corner which is toward the east,
And how you cringe and creep when ye shall hear
The name of Iesus touch your reverend eare.
Displace the Levite who shall feed his flocke
Twice on a sabbath from the common stock.
Beware, repent, for now the Scottish club,
Hath drove the into Englands powderingtube:
Scholers are bound to curse thy aspiring minde,
Nor here, nor there they can no comfort finde,
But they are mercifull, and still will pray
That great Iove would be pleasd to send a day
That they might hear you preach on tower hill,
Which thing they hope will rid thee from all ill.
If the low keele of a great ship shall fayle,
What 'ist the better for a brave top fayle,
Or if the roote of a fayre tree doth rot,
How can we well believe the tree doth not,
The root of this our kingdome rotten found:
But yet I hope the kingdom is still sound,
The Land the root which was made rotten quite
For some there were through weakneſſe of their sight
Can't view its splendor, the kingdomes still sicke
Being troubled with the subtile politick,
Better some members perish then the whole
Body should languish in continuall thrall;
Our Judges are corrupt, they should dispence
The Law according to each mans offence
Which they wrest otherwayes, pride bids them rise
And mount above the bright bespangled skies,

But

But judgement pulls them down and they ſhall finde
What dangers hap to the aſpiring minde,
Hear this proud courtier, whoſe aſpiring braines
Are never fed but with ſtrong Ela ſtraines,
Refraine to ſoare aloft, leſt that you fall
With prides projecters to eternall thrall;
Seek not to ſtop petitioners who ſue
To right old wrongs, for 'tis your ſcarlet crew
That's Baniſht, which for bribes, or hope of gaine
You'l gain the devill, and ſtop juſtice raigne.
Next leave your ſwearing, you ſtrive to invent
New oathes, and make them but a complement,
Gods name is bare of honour in our hearing
And quite worn out by our blaſphemous ſwearing,
It's taken in vain by ieſters every day,
Vnleſſe that actors ſweare, it is no play:
An execrable vice when you ſhall die
Your ſelves in ſinnes vault, and crucifie
Our Saviour, hourlie make his wounds bleed freſh,
And thruſt ſharpe pricking ſpeares into his fleſh.
Leave off for ſhame leſt judgement over take you,
For when that comes your pride muſt needs forſake
O how you'l cringe and prate if a great Pear (you)
Shall daigne to lend the audience of his eare,
Or how officious will you ſeeme to be
If you ſhall but eſpy his Majeſty,
Superiors you adore, like Perſians
You'l worſhip the bright ſun, not country *Pans*.
Inferiours ſhall not gaine that curteſey
As once to wag your hat, or bend your knee,
But neare me Squaſhers, let me tell you plaine,
If you uſe theſe things my pen ſhall complaine,
Let pride perſwade what ſhe can I know,
If Fortune once ſhall kicke you downe below

We ſhall eſpie you, your ſuppoſed skie
Will prove at length but a meer timpany:
Your moon will waine, your hour's of pride will waſte
Then what will come to thoſe who're *Janus* fac'd.
Gentiles refraine the ſharking cards and dice,
Hearken to counſell and hear ſound advice,
What pride doth bid you ſpend, give to the poore,
Let hoſpitalitie fatten at your dore,
So ſhall you riſe when prides aſſociates fall,
Who veeld themſelves as Fortunes Tennis-ball.
Expect a while, and you ſhall quicklie ſee
The derivation of their pedigree.

If any one of this proud troupe ſhould die
Then who ſhould write their epitaphs but I.

An epitaph on a noble man.

Here lies the Cedar who aſpired ſo tall,
That Joue took notice of, and cauſ'd him fall.

On a gentleman.

Here lies the verie timpanie of pride,
Which made him breake at length, and ſo he died.

On our great Biſhop.

W. L. A. B. C.

If anie ſtranger ſhall ask who lies here,
Let this new toomb this for inſcription beare.
Paint Pope and divell, make the ſtranger laugh;
Mix his own ſhame, and ther's his epitaph.

On

On a Iudge.

He that iudged many is condemned now,
Becauſe 'twas prov'd by law he broke his vow;
Pride was his Goddeſſe, he thought ſtill t'aſpire,
But ſure his grave is nere a whit the higher.

On a Courtier.

He that took many bribes thought to bribe death,
But death dealt cunningly, took bribe, and breath.

FINIS.